

NIGHT
NOTES
EIGHT
TO THE
BAR



Cathy Gould

Beware: Falling Rock

There's not much makes me as angry
as disappointment
Beware of Falling Rock

idols

Went wanting to watch and to learn
To see soul and fire and guts
To see sultry sophisticated sleaze
And damn—
she didn't even break a sweat

Saw, instead,
a fourth-rate lounge act
coastin' by rote
Months of anticipation gone down
to such a let-
down

However—
It only served to substantiate my posit
that this chicken
at least
doesn't need to cross the road
Our home-grown talent dishes up a full course feast
as shown by the
(undeservedly)
underknown
opening act

I want to hear
and see
and feel
that raw edge

Want them to appreciate
my appreciation

Want them to care
at least
as much
as I do

vignettes

She holds forth at the clubs

holds court

holds sway

(no holds barred)

As her protegee take turns requesting an audience

...she's usually the audience lately

In between

and

at the end

she's alone

All the fair young men

gone off to somewhere

She's living life variously

precariously

vicariously

Through three-minute

musical

vignettes



Direct Male Campaign

Gonna start a campaign for a
Direct Male
Seems I've seen this scene before

I asked a candid question
attempting to ascertain the lay of the land
to allay my uncertainties
And y'all think it's time for

PANTOMIME QUIZ

I'm being obliterated
by the bleakness
of obliqueness
Cryptic rebuffs
cripple me

I want to know Why
not just to challenge
but to learn

Maybe the brusqueness is backlash
from growing up with all the
gender-generated
garbage

Could be too much
to expect empathy
from the traditional victims

Or
(feminists, forgive me)

Could be
our fault?

Maybe the gentlemen
had no good examples
of gentle rejections

Don't know how guys make it to maturity
Rejection
in any form
is rough stuff

Right now
my id est r e e l i n g
from a barrage of low blows

No balls
Strike three for me
I'm out
I'm not
c o n n e c t i n g with the ball
at all

Guess I haven't learned the right way
to swing

What We Have Here
is a Failure
to Communicate

I'm being refused things
I never requested

Someone stumped Dear Abby once

woman wanted tips on non-lethal turn-downs
Shoot
If even Abby don't know no ways
nowise
nohow

How
the hell
should we?

eather Report

Have you ever seen the rain

pourin' down

on a sunny day?"

yeah

opposing fronts

thunderheads at loggerheads

so long threatening

finally burst

it's rainin

in my heart

...called the weatherman

odd

he said he saw nothin'

but

blue skies

The Pas De - deuce, You Say!

Hey man

I dig your music

you dig?

just have not

yet

got

the beat

What with each of us bein'

a sorta' se • par • ate • ly syn co pa tin'

cat

(different drummers and all that)

I tango to two-steps

foxtrot to polkas

... haven't danced

to someone else's song

in so o o I o n g

I've grown used to leading

my own life

my own way

Kinda clumsy yet

in this duet

but who knows

Maybe

with some practice.....

t's So Nice to Have a Man Around the House

That man knows how to play my instrument
keeps me in tune

Charges my battery
lubricates my chassis
s l i i des his key into my ignition
and keeps my motor runnin'

Fine-tunes my console
adjusts the vertical hold
the horizontal hold
the perpendicular hold

- I o u e that holding pattern!

He's laid back
laid bets
laid carpet
laid odds
and laid
low

Stokes my furnace
fuels my fire
fans my flame
and hauls my ashes

-he's the only man bake jelly roll
with his damper down

arantella

Thought you said you couldn't dance!

Haven't yet seen you on a dance floor

but seems to me

the other night

we ran the whole Arthur Murray routine

Tender tempestuous tarantella

sensuous samba

not to mention moments

of a truly memorable mamba

Darlin'

I'll tango with you

among the sheets

any ol' time you want

Reclamation

We come to each other
with a lifetime's stock
of deep-piled debris

Old hurts

fears

angers

We created ways

of surviving

coping

...Sometimes it's difficult

to abandon these ways

They seem to have stood us in

good stead

— or —

instead of good?

It can be frightening

threatening

to unclench our fists-full

of familiar flotsam

to risk the uncertainty

of new behaviours

Please—

believe me—

I know.

Our dumpsters are spilling over

It's time

to call Acme Sanitation

...haul the refuse out to the compost heap

and

when it br e a k s up

we can plant a

Victory Garden

I'm sure

with a bit of c

r

pollination

s

s

we'll find flowers

within